The
COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XXXVIII *August* 20, 1943 NUMBER 18

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THE COMMONWEAL *is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index and Catholic Bookman.*
Published at 386 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.—AS. 4-9685
Annual Subscription: U. S., $5.00; Canada and Foreign, $6.00
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Alternative to Destruction

THE GERMAN PEOPLE are reported to be in a state of growing panic. The week-long day and night pulverization of Hamburg alone—following the partial destruction of the industrial Ruhr Valley—is estimated to have resulted in 200,000 casualties. Refugees from Germany's greatest port and second city are said to be spreading alarm in Berlin and other cities which fear they will be the next objectives of the RAF and the American Eighth Air Force. Government ordered evacuation of Berlin took on at times the aspects of a rout as 1,000,000 people sought to leave the German capital; there was even some talk of making it an open city. Foreign diplomats are already leaving.

Conditions in the blasted cities beggar description. Amid the gaping holes and piles of rubble groups of 12-year-old children—and men badly maimed or disfigured on the Russian front—search the ruins for victims who are still alive. Everywhere a terrible odor of decay indicates that many bodies have not been found. Survivors are listless, apathetic, resigned to the possibility that home and possessions may be obliterated at any moment. Many indeed have developed air-raid psychosis. No hope of respite brings solace among the scenes of desolation.

Even outside the battered and threatened areas there is much to depress German morale. Hundreds of thousands of homeless families are quartered in gloomy evacuée camps or going about seeking food, clothing and shelter. Transportation is so badly piled up that it is often impossible to get on any train. Ordinary cases of illness, no matter how severe, go unattended, as the few doctors remaining in civilian life have to be rushed from city to city to aid the victims of increasingly devastating raids.

On top of the prospect of a destruction that is ever more intense, the German people get a steady diet of unbroken bad war news. Defeat after defeat, on a small scale in the Mediterranean area, on a vast scale on the vital Russian front. Hitler's partner Mussolini has already disappeared. The enemy, except by air, is far from the heart of the Reich, and the German military machine still is powerful, but the signs of impending doom are unmistakable. The most solemn and repeated promises of immunity—from war, from air attack, from another winter's fighting—have been broken. The people's confidence in the nazis is irreparably undermined. Yet what other avenue than loyalty to the nazis do we hold open to them? For months now Dr. Goebbels has told them they were all responsible for the nazi crimes; he has succeeded in convincing many that complete extinction faces them if they should surrender. Better fight on to the last than lose anyway by cowardly capitulation. And he has been helped immeasurably of late by our emphasis on "Unconditional Surrender."

If there ever was a time for effective use of the psychological weapon it is now. Leaflets dropped on Berlin warning of impending destruction undoubtedly heightened the panic in the German capital, but how much more important to offer the German people right now some sort of viable alternative to the long death agony, the painful, grinding, slow destruction that otherwise so clearly faces them. If they can come to see that after surrender to the United Nations they will have a chance to live and eventually with certain safeguards to work out their own destiny, politically and economically, in cooperation with the rest of Europe and other parts of the world, then they will not fight on desperately, needlessly expending the lives and substance of the nations.

To demand Unconditional Surrender from the Germany Army and the head of the German State is one thing; not to make plain to the bulk of the German people that a livable existence is in store for them once their leaders have surrendered is criminal neglect. No one can say that Germany has been spared the horrors of war on her own territory as she was in 1914-1918. The German people now know to their terror what war means. Nor is there any other valid reason for prolonging the war by insisting that the United Nations

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must conquer Europe city by city, country by country, by force of arms alone. In the name of civilization and humanity we must hasten victory by wholehearted utilization of the psychological weapons which in conjunction with our victories in the air, on the sea and in the field will speed the enemy's final internal collapse.

The Food Weapon

ONE of the greatest immediate hopes we should hold out to Axis, satellite and occupied countries alike is an adequate supply of foodstuffs, clothing and medicine. We have long advocated the feeding of Europe on Christian and humanitarian grounds, but let us confine ourselves here to the strategy aspect of the food question. Through the underground, radio programs from forbidden foreign stations and other hidden means word gets about even in the heart of Axis Europe. Once it becomes realized that feeding and medicinal care are a component part of our occupation of the lands despoiled by Axis tyranny, we shall have driven home a most powerful argument in favor of revolt against the nazis.

In North Africa and in Sicily we have already begun to demonstrate the sincerity of our interest in the well-being of the peoples we are seeking to liberate. It is already planned that Sicily and the Italian mainland (if occupied) will obtain the coal they so badly need from both America and Great Britain. And things have progressed so well in North Africa that that area will be able to help in supplying considerable quantities of grain. But in every case it is our announced intention that the major part of each area's rehabilitation devolves upon the inhabitants themselves. At times it will require vast amounts of American and other Allied commodities to get these people started, but they must undertake the planning and labor necessary for their self-support.

Last week witnessed the first anniversary of the shipping of Canadian wheat to Greece. During that time through the teamwork of Greek War Relief in this country, the Canadians, the Swedish ships and Swiss representatives of the International Red Cross the terrible death rate in Athens and other centers has been drastically reduced. Substantially all the food and medicines sent for the starving Greeks have reached the people for whom it was intended. And the thousands, if not millions of lives that have been saved have been spared through comparatively modest cargoes.

Even more modest in bulk but none the less highly important in maintaining morale are the 138,752 prisoners' packages shipped abroad by the Coordinating Council of French Relief Societies of 457 Madison Avenue, New York, during the past year. Here again acknowledgments have been received that indicate that these food packages have reached the German-held French prisoners for whom they were intended. This has been the British experience all through the war as well.

What is needed to clinch the argument, to show unmistakably to our Allies in the occupied countries that we are with them, is the long-postponed feeding of Europe's blockaded women and children. It is our failure to undertake feeding experiments on even a small scale, by methods which could not materially help the Axis cause even if the food were confiscated, that allows such grave doubts as to our intentions to persist in occupied countries where Axis propaganda has full sway. It is all very well to say that we are coming, but how are vast numbers of women and children, weakened by three years of desperate privation, to survive the coming winter and welcome us in the spring. Here is the weakest point in our whole liberation program.

CP's Latest Twist

AUGUST 10 was the occasion of a heated battle for control of the New York American Labor Party between the Communists and social democrat, Right Wing groups. While this might seem to be a local issue, it had far wider repercussions. Of late the American Labor Party has held a balance of power between the two major parties in America's most populous, and electorally most important, state. In this instance the Communists, who for three years claim they have been independent of orders from Moscow, have some excuse. For they did not poll enough votes last time to qualify for a place on the ballot. Hence the attempt to take over a party with listed candidates on the official ballot.

However, there is evidence that although the Comintern has been formally dissolved, Communist parties here and there have undertaken to follow a remarkably similar pattern. It is reported, for instance, that in Canada the CP has now come forward as the "Farmer-Labor Party." And in the heart of Middle America, in Costa Rica, the formation of the "Popular Vanguard Party" gave considerable evidence of being Communist in origin.

This new tactic involves considerable danger for the unwary. Up to now, particularly in Europe where their party reached its highest state of development, the Communists always formed a recognizable group or party. Even where they organized and tried to control the Popular Front the CP always maintained its identity. And even with all the influence it exerted in such organizations as the American Youth Congress, CP identity held. Now we have the spectacle of the CP forming or seeking to take over political parties which are operating under other banners. That is why it is of growing importance to find out what their new political objectives are.

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No Farewell to Arms

FASCISM brought Italy into the war. That's a simple sentence and a commonplace but it's funny how you can write a sentence, say a thing, innumerable times and, of course, the meaning could not be clearer, yet there has always been an emphasis in the way you have said it which makes the sentence as if you had only said half of it, as if you had only understood half its meaning. Who killed Cock Robin? Who brought Italy into the war? It was Mussolini with his bow and arrow. We have been saying so ever since Italy was in the war; we have been explaining how Italy got into the war ever since Italy has been in the war. We wanted to know how it happened, whom to blame. We knew the answer, we proclaimed the answer a million times, but we looked so intently at Mussolini that we forgot what he had done; we asked who killed Cock Robin so often that we forgot that Cock Robin was dead, we forgot that Italy was in the war. Mussolini brought Italy into the war and now he is locked up somewhere and Italy is still in the war. So that the second and neglected half of that sentence "Fascism brought Italy into the war" takes on an importance it never had before.

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"Palermo smells of death. It is a city of flies and malarial mosquitoes and filth. The August heat is very trying . . . Alleys are choked with wreckage. The air is foul with various stenches. Few stores are open and there is little to eat. At night, after the eight o'clock curfew begins, the streets are ghostly still. The crumpled buildings are like a lane of grotesque tombs in the moonlight." (Homer Bigart. Dispatch in the New York *Tribune,* August 10.)

★

We were certain, even before Mussolini brought Italy into the war, that surely he must do so. We knew that Mussolini and fascism accepted the idea of war, planned for war. "Fascism means war." That was another simple sentence. It was obvious that the fascist war would be waged in alliance with the nazi war. We watched the fatal process through which Mussolini brought his country into the war. We said this is Mussolini's war. That was right. We said Mussolini must be defeated. That was right. We said when Mussolini falls Italy will be out of the war. That was wrong.

Mussolini put his country into the war and when a country is in a war you cannot take it out of a war. You put a letter into the mailbox and if you wish you had not put it in there is no use waiting until the truck drives up and the postman empties the letters from the mailbox into a bag and throws the bag into the U.S. mail truck: the postman won't give you back your letter. You put a country into the war and there are inescapable rules about war even more rigorous than those for the mails.

So that there is a period when you can blame a man for something he has done and there is another period when what he has done is something accomplished over which he has no further control. If you do not realize that there are these two periods, then, when you pass, in fact, from the first to the second, you continue to think and talk as if you were still in the first, you continue to expect Italy to be out of the war since Mussolini is out of the war. You see that Mussolini has fallen from power and that the King and Badoglio are in power and you expect the King and Badoglio—or the socialists or the revolutionaries, the Catholics or the peasants or the factory workers—to take Italy out of the war. That is the way many people in America have felt. They have felt surprise and disappointment at the fact that the new Italian Government has not taken Italy out of the war. They have not realized that no one can take Italy out of the war until the war is over.

The Italian people, the Italian Government are not left with the initiative to choose whether to stay in the war or go out of the war. They cannot legislate themselves into neutrality. The Italian people and any Italian government—the present government or any other that may succeed it—are in the war until the war is over. They have a choice but only within the framework of the war. They can only choose the nature of the war they must continue to fight.

The Italians look at the avenues of escape and all of them are closed. Surrender, betrayal—nothing ends the war. No matter what you do, whether you change sides or not, the war goes on. That is why the Italian Government remains uncertain. That is why the Italian people hesitate to revolt—because a revolution would not end the war: it would only change the character of the war. The war in Italy would become the revolt of an exhausted people against German armies occupying Italy. At this stage of events such a revolt probably would be repressed; probably would be premature. That is why mutiny of the Italian armed forces would still look like mutiny and not like the French Revolution. It would look like the breakdown of the little that is left in Italy rather than a revolution with a plan. The Italians are too tired to have a plan.

This is the hopeless state of war in which Mussolini left Italy. The King betrayed the Italian constitution when he accepted Mussolini; the Italian people betrayed their freedom when they endured Mussolini. And now the Italian people are left to endure the unendurable; they have no way to turn.

C. G. PAULDING.

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Bolivia's Indians

Two views on their nature, their needs, their status

I

THE COMMONWEAL for June 11 contained an article by Mr. Martin C. Kyne, CIO representative, who formed part of a commission sent by the US to study working conditions in Bolivia and in her tin mines. Being a Bolivian who for some time past has been writing on conditions in my country, I cannot overlook this superficial, misleading article without submitting rectification.

According to Mr. Kyne's figures, two million Indians, under the domination of half a million whites and one million mestizos, provide the manpower in Bolivia for tilling the soil and working the mines. "For centuries," it seems, "the Indian has been set apart, almost as a necessary evil, somewhat as the Negro is set apart in the United States."

This statement is completely erroneous. To begin with, the Indian laborer in Bolivia is in no way fettered by racial prejudice. And no individual or organization is high or powerful enough to dominate him arbitrarily. He is free to choose his occupation and to go where he pleases. The Government has land to give away for the asking, fertile lands whose products have assured markets and which could easily set all the Indians of Bolivia on the road to economic independence. But the Indians who go to the mines or the factories for a livelihood simply are not interested in agriculture or prosperity. Being slothful and morose, and knowing that they must live, they resort to ready-made occupations in order to eke out some kind of secure and easy existence. They are addicts to coca, chicha and distilled alcohol.

Coca shrinks the stomach of the Indian to the size of a child's fist and irreparably clouds his mind. Alcohol accelerates his degeneracy. He is aware of these consequences, yet, like the fatalist weakling that he is, he accepts them as the enjoyment most ready at hand to his futile and ephemeral existence. Psychologically, then, the Indian is an apathetic suicide, and it is not the farm owners or the mine operators who are responsible for his wretchedness. It is his bankrupt nature.

Under the Incas, he was a drudge disarmed of will power by small rations of coca methodically administered to him. Under the wizardry of our Republic, he is a pervert, stultified of his own free will by two of humanity's most hideous vices: the drug habit and debauchery. The much maligned Spanish conquerors and their successors throughout the colonial period were well on their way to eradicate these vices from Peru by replacing the coca diet of the Indians with compulsory work and substantial food. In the end this policy fitted the natives physically for the long struggle for independence. The Indian of today, frayed as never before by coca and alcohol, is a tumbledown, tottering specimen of humanity.

Whether in the mines or at the farms, his productiveness is so scant as to constitute another of the major problems facing the country. Any laborer in the United States will produce from three to five times more than the former each day of the week. The Indian workman, who builds up no stamina for sustained work, also lacks in will power and discipline. He frequently lays off the job in order to drink, and so works only sporadically. His salary, then, accords with his capacity to work and produce. As this capacity is very inferior, his position is most always precarious. Completely ignoring these facts, Mr. Kyne bewails "that the Patiño Mines of Catavi . . . pay only 85 US cents per day to its workers. How," he then asks, "can a miner and his family exist on such meagre wages?"

Let me explain that 85 US cents can buy five times more food in Bolivia than in the United States. As an example, a pound of beef there sells for a fraction more than one-tenth of what it costs the miners of Kentucky or Colorado. Then, too, if the Bolivian Indian miner has a family, his wife and children also work. Altogether they are in the position to procure themselves a larger income than the average white bureaucrat, who nevertheless can manage to make a decent living, pay taxes for the support of the nation and prosper in time. The Indian in Bolivia is a state charge when he ceases to work, and he is never called upon to pay taxes, not even when he is working.

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No, indeed, Mr. Kyne. The Indian of today has not been set apart in Bolivia as the Negro in the United States. The Spanish conquerors and the Republic have allowed even the present day Indians—descendants of lesser tribes than the Incas—to rise in the world as far as their competence would permit. Indians, or nearly Indians, were Presidents Montes, Villazón, Saavedra . . . General Peñaranda himself shares this distinction.

A host of doctors, lawyers, writers and professors have risen from the humblest Indian ranks to the highest positions, where they mingle with the whites without any restrictions. Any Indian boy—no matter how humble and poor—with love for culture and ambitions for the betterment of his people is given moral and material support by society and the state. No one wishes to stand in his way. Your inference departs completely from all logic.

Now we come to the matter of the "rights" of Indian mine workers to form unions and bargain collectively with the owners, as is done in the United States. These rights can only emanate from the maturity of the workers in their social and industrial preparation, from attainments that will make them morally solvent and respectable. You can no more expect Indian workers (whose stage of development still places them in the category of embryos) to deal soberly with momentous questions escaping even the scope of high-minded people than demand of the in-

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fants in a kindergarten that they formulate their own nursery regulations.

These Indian workmen, whom the Republic so frivolously entrusted with boundless liberty, are constantly being agitated by utopian or opportunist politicians aiming to import extremist patterns of dictatorships to their as yet patriarchal country. These would-be Lenins, Trotskys, or Stalins at once offer a 100 percent increase in wages to those workmen in exchange for the acceptance of their dictates. What they offer in reality is no work at all, and consequently starvation, for the mines could not possibly operate under the rule of such demagogues, one of whom proclaims that Russia is ready to take over the mines and operate them for the people.

A handful of madcap politicians, then, engineered the events discussed by Mr. Kyne, in which 19 strikers lost their lives under the fire of troops sent to Catavi to prevent a threatened destruction of mine stores and machinery. A most unfortunate incident, which the simple-minded Indian workers owe exclusively to callous politicos exploiting the vagaries of minds wrapped in the fumes of alcohol and coca. These politicos—almost all whites—thrive exclusively on the votes of the unfortunate working class, whose redemption in the hands of a strong, honest government is yet to come.

Mr. Kyne criticizes Senor Simón I. Patiño, the pioneer Bolivian industrialist, for not living in his country since 1935, "preferring," he states, "the bright spots of Europe and those of the United States for abode." Mr. Kyne, always prone to judge events and conditions by outward appearances, is quick in misjudging personalities. Everybody knows that Mr. Patiño suffers from heart trouble. In 1922 he built his permanent residence in Cochabamba, his native city, and in 1924 he went there to stay. The altitude, however, became a deadly enemy to him, and his doctors sent him immediately away. Today he could not cross the Andes with impunity. He attends to his mines from Europe or New York and, with signal honor, represents Bolivia in Paris as a diplomat. The Bolivian tin king is a self-made man, to whom his country owes its major national industry. As a builder, he is worthy of comparison with North America's greatest industrial pioneers.

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Bolivia is not so small or backward as Mr. Kyne would have us think. Many of the greatest Latin American patriots, industrialists and statesmen were formed in Bolivian universities, the most celebrated of which is that of St. Francis, in Sucre, an institution vying in age and attainments with Lima's St. Marcos. The large proportion of Indians in the population of the country has handicapped tremendously the half million white Bolivians scattered over a large, landlocked territory. In spite of this, Bolivia today has much to show in the way of modern progress. The Oruro-Cochabamba and Santa Cruz railroad is considered an engineering feat; the electric railway extending from the city of Cochabamba to Arani is as fine as any in Europe and was built by Bolivians long before the Oruro-Cochabamba railroad. The high road from Potosí to Villazón and the road from Cochabamba to the Chimoré jungles are among the best in Latin America.

Bolivia has chosen to sell its tin to Uncle Sam because she is attracted by Mr. Roosevelt's policy of continental solidarity. Mr. Kyne would want Mr. Roosevelt to continue buying this tin only on condition that the Peñaranda régime force the mine operators to submit to the purported "demands of labor"—in reality of the politicos described above. Whether it be the Peñaranda régime or any other representing the genuinely laborious and constructive Bolivians, this country will not tolerate any such interference. The Catavi affair, and the Negro riots in the United States, are matters that concern exclusively and respectively each country. The truth of these disturbances is not to be skimmed from the surface of things, nor will these problems be solved to suit the vain sentimentalism of messianic outsiders. This much as to Mr. Kyne's dangerous optimism.

Now as to his pessimism. Contrarily to what he believes, there is a way in which Uncle Sam could help the Indians whose welfare he advocates: coca might vanish from the Bolivian markets if only the United States agreed to buy the whole yearly output for the exclusive manufacture of cocaine—a drug needed as medicine all over the world. In exchange, the producers—under the guarantee of the government—should be able to agree to cooperate in all future measures for the redemption of the Indian.

DIOMEDES DE PEREYRA.

II

THE COMMENT of Mr. Diomedes de Pereyra, critical as it is of the content of my article in THE COMMONWEAL, has one interesting feature, in that it provides him, a Bolivian, with a vehicle to display his malicious dislike, if not hatred, of the majority of his fellow Bolivians whose principal handicap is, always has been and will continue to be, under present conditions in Bolivia, that they are Indian. For this they have not been and seemingly cannot be forgiven. It is an attitude of mind all too common among Bolivia's "ten-percenters"; it found expression and gained currency in the early days of the Spanish conquest.

Let me begin by saying: (1) I view the Indian in Bolivia as a Bolivian by nationality and an Indian by virtue of language and culture. (2) I view the Indian as belonging to the brotherhood of man in the fatherhood of God. (3) I view the Indian as possessing human dignity. (4) I view the Indian as being endowed with intelligence and free choice, the endowments of a human person whose principal element is a spiritual soul. I accept these principles as applying to myself and, in all fairness, I must accord to all other human beings, however young or old, dark or light of skin, weak or strong of mind or body, the same essential inviolable human dignity and personality. If this be superficial, I plead guilty.

Yes, Mr. Diomedes de Pereyra, I have stated, "for centuries the Indian has been set apart almost as a necessary evil, somewhat as the Negro is set apart in the United States." Here is proof.

From the earliest days of the Spanish conquest, human ingenuity at the service of strong passions found means to evade such inconvenient laws as the anti-slavery decrees. The Emperor, Charles V, by no less than six decrees issued between 1526 and 1548, forbade absolutely the enslavement of Indians in any part of Spanish America. Never in the entire history of conquest were laws made in behalf of the conquered so just or so beneficent. By degrees, however, these restrictions came to be increasingly disregarded. Local governors yielded more and more to the demands and practices of tyrannical and unmerciful *encomenderos*, and a time came when Indian slavery cried as loud to Heaven for vengeance as the oppression of

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Israel in Egypt, the tax gathering of pagan Rome or the raiding of Hindu peasants by the marauders of Warren Hastings. The general attitude of the average Spaniard was one of measureless contempt. In their current parlance, Europeans were *gente de razon,* the Indians, *gente sin razon,* creatures without reason.

Father Diego Gonzales, writing in 1612 to the Spanish Assistant General of his order, gives a precise account of what actually went on:

> In two respects the patrons sin against the Indians; firstly, in violating their natural liberty, making slaves of children and fathers, paying them no wages, giving them nothing but a wretched shirt for their clothing, separating them from their wives and their children, giving them no chance of rearing even a few fowls of their own. The second is that they treat them as their mere chattels, to sell or even gamble away as they please, so that at the gaming table one may see a poor Indian on one side set up against a heap of coins on the other. And if so monstrous an abuse is become rare, not so the secret buying and selling and presenting as gifts, no regard being paid to the family of the enslaved Indian, or the driving them out, without any cause for offense being given, from the lands they occupied, or the attacking them and carrying them by violence into slavery.

The sad old story of the ill treatment of the red man by the white man runs like a black or blood-colored thread through the story of the conquests of South America, in spite of the *conquistadores* of the Cross, the indomitable Las Casas, valiant defender of the Indians, the Jesuits, Dominicans and Franciscans who strove by every means in their power to enforce the decrees of popes and sovereigns that were designed for the protection of the Indian.

The continuation until today of the feudal system that was introduced by the Spanish in the sixteenth century lies at the root of the major social problems in Latin America. The feudal heritage, the *latifundia* system of landed estates, resulted in the division of the people into two classes, the very rich and the very poor, a small ruling class and a very large mass of people with little or no purchasing power and an educational system that fostered the advancement of the privileged upper classes to the detriment of those poor benighted souls, the Indians.

The wars of independence effected a political rather than a spiritual or economic revolution. The great mass of the population still toiled while the landowners and the professional classes, with the connivance of some of the highly placed clergy, had their rights and privileges confirmed in the new order of things. In the meantime in Europe, the industrial revolution had created a new set of economic necessities. Raw materials were needed in increasing quantities and capital began to flow from Britain, France, and the United States especially for mining industries, railroads, and public services. In Latin America foreign capital became king. It is safe to say that in few areas of the world are commercial and financial interests so controlled by foreigners as in Latin America.

According to the figures of the United States Department of Commerce, foreign investments in Latin America in the middle of the 1930's amounted to over eleven billion dollars. To some it may seem strange that so much poverty and misery exists in Latin America when such a vast amount of money has been invested there, but the profits are drained abroad and very little accrues to the people of the country itself. In the case of more than one country in the grip of a ruthless dictatorship, export duties paid by foreign corporations have gone to enrich a few government officials and not the people.

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What applies to Latin America in general applies with equal force to Bolivia and the Indians in Bolivia in particular. The great source of mine labor is the Altiplano region of Bolivia. Here the great majority of the population is Indian, belonging to the Aymara language and cultural group. The Aymara has inhabited the Altiplano for centuries. His existence is decidedly precarious, his food is the simplest and scantiest of all the Indian tribes. His arts are few, his work crude, his personal and family conditions unwholesome. Condemned by nature to such a bleak and desolate life it is hard to see how he could be otherwise than a sad, downtrodden specimen of humanity. Under the domination of the Incas for a period of 110 years, under the domination of the Spanish for centuries, under the domination of the Republic to the present time, the reasons for his being what he is are perfectly obvious.

In spite of his adverse conditions, the Aymara has been able to maintain a certain independence of language and culture, notwithstanding the numerous and harsh attempts to change them. This tenacity for maintaining terrain, language and culture is a factor of importance in considering the Aymara. Revolts against oppression have been a standard part of Aymara history. Since the great revolt in 1780, in which many Indians turned against the Spaniards, there have been periodic uprisings. The uprisings are interesting in showing that fairly sizable groups of Aymara can join in action in spite of the lack of any formal political organization. The uprisings of recent years have tended to be directed toward specific individuals rather than against the system as a whole. I maintain that the Aymara, properly and humanely treated, can prove to be friendly and reliable workers.

The Aymara Indians are addicted to coca chewing. The question of the ill effects of coca on the health of the Indians has not been finally determined. On the subject of coca chewing, the American Bolivian Commission has this to say:

> There is much controversy as to whether the coca-chewing habit is the cause or the effect of improper nutrition—whether the worker chews coca to appease his hunger or whether the chewing of coca destroys his appetite. No study has ever been made to determine how deleterious to health this practice is. It appears clear to the Commission that this question has many ramifications that require study. It constitutes not only a physiological but a psychological problem. Until such time as an authoritative study is made of the effects of coca-chewing, no recommendations can be made with respect to its control or regulation by taxation or otherwise.

In their book, "The Social Problem in Bolivia," published in 1941, Remberto Capriles and Gaston Arduz, officials of the Department of Labor of Bolivia, who are touring the US at the present time, write soberly but horrifyingly about the mining conditions in Bolivia under which the Indians labor:

> In general the worker's house is narrow, dirty, sordid and innocent of any sanitary facilities. Even when the houses are not miserable and rustic huts, they lack windows, electricity, drinking water, bed and toilet. In the majority of cases, the worker has a single room which simultaneously serves as bedroom, dining room, kitchen, living room and stable. The promiscuity is horrible. . . . In this single room live the worker, his wife, his children and the animals . . . when it is not shared by two or more families.
>
> There are virtually no facilities for diversion at the

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mining camps 4 to 6 thousand meters above sea level. . . .

Can you conceive of the monotony and desolation in the life of the miner? His conditions of life explain the immense consumption of alcohol. Yet he is not alcoholic, despite what is said of him. He doesn't drink daily from habit. He goes on orgies followed by long periods of abstinence. The miner seeks and finds in alcohol a lively interlude to the monotony of life . . .

Conditions of health and safety at work vary appreciably from one company to another. They are *nil* or nearly so in the small and medium sized mines and gravely deficient in the large ones. It is to be noted that conditions of health and safety depend almost exclusively on the good will of the owners, state inspection services lacking all technical capacity to supervise them. . . .

Our labor is colonial and paid as such. A large percentage of miners in Bolivia receive wages far under what is needed for minimum maintenance of life.

"It should be noted," says the American Bolivian Commission, "that the inflation that has been under way in Bolivia since the Chaco War has a definite relation to the nutrition problem. Pyramiding prices without effective control and lagging wages tend to destroy free choice in the selection of food. . . . The prevalent opinion of qualified observers is that limited diet, as well as the insufficient food consumption of workers, especially in the Altiplano, have resulted in malnutrition and undernourishment. That such workers fall easy prey to the prevalent diseases is cited as proof of this."

To the Canadian Baptist missionaries at Guatajata on the shores of Lake Titicaca has fallen the privilege of disproving that the Bolivian Indian of the Altiplano is an "apathetic suicide," "a compound of drunkenness, laziness and dishonesty," a "tumbledown, tottering specimen of humanity," "a dying introvert," "a social embryo" and "a moral bankrupt."

Through their program of regeneration of the Aymara Indians, returning them their self-respect, a new light has flashed on the whole scope of their existence. There at the Guatajata Farm the Canadian missionaries are proving that a system of private ownership on a cooperative basis is a distinct advantage to the Indian and white alike, and also that the only foundations for the redemption of the Indian is to be found in moral and spiritual regeneration and a judicious bridging of the spiritual and the economic in life. I had the pleasure of visiting Guatajata one Sunday afternoon during my stay in Bolivia. From it I received a new confidence in the future of the Bolivian Indian of the Altiplano. It is this achievement that prompted Dr. Elio, Bolivian Foreign Minister, to say to Allen Haden, Latin American correspondent of the Chicado *Daily News,* "We welcome Christian missions—not only Catholic ones—*to colonize our Indians whom we have neglected.*" Dr. Elio's inadvertent admission of neglect has added one more proof, Mr. de Pereyra, of my contention that "for centuries the Indian has been set apart almost as a necessary evil."

Now let us see how "the large proportion of Indians in the population of the country has handicapped tremendously the half million white Bolivians scattered over a large landlocked territory." Allen Haden, student of Latin American affairs, whom I had the pleaseure of meeting in La Paz, writes very critically about the "ten percent" at the top who have guided the destinies of Bolivia, pure-blooded Spaniards, their descendants and the mixed Spanish-Indian stock.

The ten percent at the top—lawyers, administrators, army officers, cabinet members, businessmen, have managed to exploit their country for their own use. The 400-year record of the ten percent is one of misjudgment, dishonesty and failure. And the cost has been paid by the country at large.

Here's an example of the record. The cost of living in Bolivia has been allowed to increase 1,416 percent since 1931.

Another example: During the lush 1920's, Bolivia borrowed $90,000,000 from casual US bankers. There's nothing to show for that huge sum in Bolivia. It has evaporated. Yet for lack of roads there is near-famine on the Altiplano while food rots in its superabundance in the valleys of Cochabamba, Santa Cruz and the Yungas.

Another example: In the past 100 years, four great decisions have been put to the ten percent. They made the wrong decision in each case. They fought a war in 1879 against Chile and lost their coast on the Pacific Ocean; another war against Brazil in which the Acre territory was lost; another war against Paraguay (1932-1935) and lost the Chaco. Bolivia's territory is punctuated by shearings of land.

The fourth decision was equally bad. The ten percent have allowed tin, a bountiful gift of nature, to be converted from a domestic industry into a "foreign investment," controlled by three big operators, known locally, together with their legion of lawyers, as "La Rosca" [The Ring].

Tin benefits only the operators and the government which lazily makes 70 percent of its income on tin-taxes. It is equally extraordinary that out of a population of 3,000,000, only some 60,000 workers produce that tin.

There's a social problem in Bolivia as a consequence of Bolivia's 400 years as a Spanish colony and republic. Dr. Demetrio Carelas, president of the Bolivian Chamber of Deputies and member of the "Genuine" Republican Party, stated to Mr. Haden: "The social conflict is the result of slow-moving government machinery and employers' resistance to hearing the claims of workers and granting them when they are just."

"This opinion," Haden remarks, "resembles cold cream prescribed for a broken leg. One wonders what influence on the 'social conflict' is exerted by the fact that the majority of the politicians are, have been or want to be lawyers, solicitors, attorneys, brokers and representatives of one kind or another of the big mining interests."

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Surely, Mr. de Pereyra, you must agree that the half million white Bolivians have deliberately and "tremendously handicapped" their Bolivian Indian brethren. Like you, the Bolivian whites have a curious theory of social rights. You state that the right of collective bargaining can emanate only from the maturity of the workers. Presumably you wish us to understand that employers are the ones to judge whether the workers have reached maturity. This is not a theory of legal or natural rights. It is a theory of personal rule by a selfish oligarchy.

It is not a valid argument, Mr. de Pereyra, to say that the Indian may choose to make his living on the land. Much of the Altiplano land is unfit for cultivation. There is, of course, plenty of land in Bolivia, but the Indian has none of the facilities for making land productive. He has not been given the training, nor does he possess the capital to buy animals, machinery and other equipment. There are many thousands of Indians whose labor is mortgaged to the land owners to such an extent that there is virtually no independence left them. Feudalism is a characteristic of land tenure in Bolivia today and nothing short of a revolution can make the land available to the Indian for his own use.

I should like, Mr. de Pereyra, your explanation of the

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almost critical shortage of labor in the mines of Bolivia, while there are 28,000 to 30,000 Bolivian workers in northern Argentina, working in the sugar mills, the sugar plantations and the several mines which are there located? The laborers themselves can tell the reasons, but I prefer to give the answer of one who in no sense of the word can be classed as an agitator, socialist, or communist, and who above all is a Bolivian.

Mr. Juan A. Pregliasco, a Bolivian banker, who is chiefly interested in mining, has lived in northern Argentina and Bolivia for many years. According to Mr. Pregliasco, matters have become worse and many more workers are leaving Bolivia than in 1940 when he stated:

> In our country there prevails the deep-rooted belief that the Indians are very averse to progress, and on the ground of this conviction, legislators constantly issue laws which mainly strive to protect and keep the native in his environment, without trying to take him away from his primitive conditions and incorporate him in the civilized world. Due to the same judgment, on the other hand, most progressive social laws are issued, without realizing whether the ground is sufficiently prepared to receive them, and if in any case there are good executors of same . . .
>
> Every human aspiration requires two fundamental things for its proper development: Opportunity and suitable environment. But in our country we do not give a chance to any individual of Indian race to reach our level, and the environment with which we surround them is always the same, in an effort to keep them aloof from us and within the limits of their own world and of what pertains to them, that is all . . . And whenever we allow them to take part in a festivity or celebration, this is done with the intention of laying emphasis on their condition as Indian workers and to study a special program for them, constantly relative to the cultivation of their customs, their fanaticism and vices . . .
>
> We who had the opportunity to see how the same Indian worker acts abroad, had to state on occasion of a Bolivian festivity that, while here he is nothing but a poor *comparsa,* there he is the initiator of the national movement, is the executor of same, the actor or speaker at any commemorations or patriotic meetings, and an individual with his own character . . . And how moving is it to contemplate the gravity and even fervency with which these people are rendering homage to their country which has done so little, and is still doing, on their behalf.

MARTIN C. KYNE.

Jules Bois

An embodiment of an earlier day in French letters

By **Padraic Colum**

IT IS NOT my purpose to write of Jules Bois as a poet, dramatist and novelist, as a psychologist and investigator of "little religions" —that will be done by men who have better opportunities to study the body of his work. What I should like to set down here are some lineaments of an unforgettable personality.

He was a Frenchman of the south with a dash of Spanish to make him more essentially the Mediterranean man. He was from the region where the mistral blows, and in his relations with people there was from time to time the stringency of that uncomfortable wind. Distrust would blow over someone who was quite willing to cooperate with him. "I have no confidence in him," he would declare, but the distrust would have arisen from something that could not be explained. One after another of the people who were well disposed toward him would fall under the ban.

Possibly this distrust came from some bitter experience, but I am inclined to think that the cause of it was more deeply seated than any residue of experience: the troubles that beset him came from the distrust rather than the distrust from the troubles. A devoted friend of his said to me (and that he could inspire devotion was also a characteristic of Jules Bois), "His early studies were in magic, and the effects of such studies and practices make for distrust." Which is a verifiable truth. And it often seemed to me that Jules Bois's fears and distrusts were something like the dread of being bewitched, or of having some of his powers stolen from him. I will give an instance of it. A play of his was being translated into a language he would have been proud to appear in. The translation was being made by one who was capable of doing justice to the original. Suddenly he stopped it all; the translation had to be abandoned forthwith. He had had a revelation in a dream of the designs of the person who was engaged in the translation.

I am making too much of this, but I set it down because this side of him contrasted so sharply with the illuminated and the gay side of the poet and student. He suffered from such prejudices, but he was the prophet of the super-conscious in which all was understanding. His mundane activities and arrangements were often thwarted by something unreasonable in himself, but he preached order—order in one's personal relations, order in one's social life, order in one's work, order in one's spiritual life. In his last hours, when he could hardly open his eyes, he said to the great friend who was by him, "We must have order." "Yes," his friend answered, "we must put order in our lives." "Not that," he

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answered. "Order in life." And afterwards he said, "It is necessary to understand the essence of Silence." He spoke indistinctly, and his friend thought he had said "the essence of science." "No," he said, "the essence of Silence." He must have been thinking of that silence which is made up of all sounds and that rest that is made up of all activities.

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Any friend who happened to be present while Jules Bois prepared himself for one of those social functions to which he took such trouble to get invited would feel that he was witnessing a comedy of Molière. First there was the overhauling of closets in which he kept the garments of twenty years—he never got rid of a single neck-tie. "My vestments of ceremony!" he would exclaim, as amid hopes and doubts he searched for the proper striped trousers, the proper frock coat. Then there was the procuring of the stiff shirt and the long labor of dressing. Naturally, he could not appear without the decorations proper to the occasion. "I will not be well seen by her unless I have on my decorations." A hat would be found, but it would be a flattened one. "Saint Martin went in half a cloak, but I cannot go in half a hat." So humor would break through desperation. A better hat would be found, and at last, fitly arrayed, he would be ouside his apartment with the elevator on its way for him. But someone might be at the function who had connections with Africa, or Greece, or Belgium, and the decoration bestowed upon him by one of the heads of these states would have to be shown, and it had been forgotten. This would lead to a search for the keys that perhaps he had not put in the suit he was wearing. Then the reentry and the search for the decoration that, say, the Bey of Tunis had distinguished him with. And so on until, behold! there was Jules Bois fully dressed and decorated crossing the street against the lights, standing in the middle of the crossing and waving his cane to halt the traffic.

And then the entrance into the drawing room and the complimentary speeches to the hostess and the important guests. It was a comedy that one would always remember. But one might not know that this mundane effort was not the whole of his day. He had read, as he had read every day for perhaps fifty years, the "Imitation" in Latin, which he brought with him from France to America, and carried from one city in America to another. And when he had come back and taken his glass of milk and what he called his "old" bread, he would say that prayer of Saint Augustine's that was on a tablet on his work-table, and sleep on a bed that a rosary hung from. Why did he go to such functions? Because social recognition was due to a writer and because it was necessary for him as a spokesman for France to appear in important centers, he would probably say. But that was not altogether it: French writers of Jules Bois's period felt that social recognition and social homage were both a defense and a reward.

He was a French writer of the 'nineties and the nineteen hundreds, looking to coteries and influential personages, but he was also a man who understood silence and contemplation. No one could approach him without recognizing the richness of his nature; the meagreness that belongs to so many men of letters was not in Jules Bois. Once I saw the man of the cloister emerge in the salon. It was in Chicago: the hostess, a religious woman, but one who had no conception of the tensions of religious experience, was speaking, perhaps too complacently, of the human relation to the divine. "Ah, Madame," cried Jules Bois from the sofa, "It is true that God is near to us, but we are very far from God!"

For all his worldly interests, his flashes of wisdom, his great attainments, there was also, for people who admired him, something in Jules Bois that evoked compassion. He was an exile; the great period which had forced him was out of date; he was without any family relations. But I think that even if these reverses had not to be accounted, there was something in him that claimed compassion. In his eyes was the look of a man who might be helpless and dependent. For all his talk of "prudence," he was not, nor could he be, at home in the world of today. He had wisdom and naïveté, but no common sense.

But one who did not hear him repeat poetry, his own, or Baudelaire's, or Lamartine's, did not know Jules Bois. Then his face became youthful, serenity was his, he was in a world where there were no discontents. One recognized with a silent admiration the essential Jules Bois. And I must not neglect to speak of his play of mind, that came out in his French wittiness. Even in his ailing days his wit was unfailing. "I have discovered I am not immortal," he said when he had to speak of a complication of his illnesses.

He had never modified the learned English he had acquired from professors and classic authors. Perhaps it was not that: he thought in Latin when he turned from French. "You would have to know a great deal," a friend of his said, "to make the mistakes that Jules Bois makes in English." He would make a wonderful phrase as a gloss upon some word of his that had not been understood. Pascal had invented something—"the little chariot propelled by the hands of man." It was the wheelbarrow. A friendly family he had been to see merchandized apples. The word had not been caught, and it was glossed by "what brought perdition to Eva." The skunk he had seen when he strayed away from his studio in the woods was "a

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beast fierce and mysterious." His custom of putting the adjective after the noun gave his conversation great quaintness. Sometimes his words had the effect of being pulled up from the roots of language. Once I offered to help him in his housekeeping. He had been sleeping, on account of his heart, upon chairs with cushions. "If you would kindly revivify my false bed," he suggested. And after speaking in this unidiomatic style his word of surprise and admiration was "Gosh!"

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Through all the happenings of his American exile he remained a true and devoted Frenchman, working constantly for the great cause of France. He was delivering an address in Providence when the news came of France's defeat. It brought on the stroke which broke his exceptional vitality. When he was on his bed in the French Hospital and his devoted friend said to him, "We will see France again, *cher maître,*" tears that his afflictions did not bring came into his eyes.

Against the disintegration of modern psychology, Jules Bois set that integration which he named the super-conscious. It was possible for us, he held, to reach to and cultivate those higher parts of ourselves, and that reaching to and cultivation would bring us to the attainments of the heroes and the saints. In these days of false heroes, the saints had a special significance for him, and the last book he projected was on the psychology of the saints (be sure it would be different from what Havelock Ellis wrote on the same subject). The day the present writer was to have taken him to an interview with a publisher, he had a second stroke, and so the work, existing in manuscript, was never completed. It would have been, I think, an exposition of that order which our lives should reveal. His hope was to retire to a Benedictine monastery as his friend Huysmans had done; he wanted to become an oblate, but in America that opportunity could not be offered him.

I shall put down here a conversation I had with him about Rodin three years ago, at the centenary of his birth. It tells a good deal about Jules Bois.

"I made Rodin's acquaintance at the beginning of my literary career: that was in 1890. We became friends at once. He readily welcomed young writers, and they, on their part, did not stint their enthusiasm for him, but worked to spread his glory. A humanist before it was the fashion to be so, he helped us to grasp and express the complexities of modern life, with its contradictions and surprises, its grandeur and mystery. The shadows which went with his splendor, in rendering him truer and more human, made him nearer to us. While the moralist transcends his time in order to transform it, the artist dominates it to give it expression. Rodin was filled with the feverish fervor of his age; he embodied it, together with his own temperament, in bronze and marble. Rodin asserted his personality without making concessions to the taste of the day. If there is anything to reproach him with, it is that as he grew older he exaggerated his manner, made it more violent and aggressive. 'Balzac' is not unlike a provocation. Old age was powerless against such a hero. Michael Angelo, Titian, Poussin, and especially Rembrandt and Victor Hugo, belonged to the same race as Rodin."

He spoke of seeing Rodin as the German armies advanced on Paris. "I cannot without emotion recall that afternoon of September, 1914. We were strolling along the shady paths. Statues blended naturally with groves and fountains, and existed in harmony with dogs, doves, swans and a cow. Below, the Seine meandered between rows of poplars; the hills of Sèvres, Suresnes, Saint-Cloud, still green, lay lovely in the light of the setting sun. A landscape of the Ile de France as clear as those of Greece, more finely shaded than those of Italy. In a place rich with inspiration, he worked face to face with nature's serenity, but with ears for the stirring din of the most intellectual of the world's capitals." In his exile, Jules Bois must often have looked back to such a scene as this.

And here I shall put that prayer of Saint Augustine's which was placed on his writing table, and which he often recommended writers to commit to memory:

> Concede nobis, quaeso, misericors Deus, quae tibi sunt placita, ardenter concupiscere, prudenter investigare, veraciter agnoscere et perfecte implere, ad laudem et gloriam Nominis tui. Amen.

Communications

WORLD FEDERATION

Lansdowne, Pa.

TO the Editors: It is with regret that I pen my first letter to my favorite magazine in criticism instead of in full praise. But the quality of your editorials and articles has led me to expect something so near perfection in sound and penetrating thought, that like a wife I take all this for granted and am startled into speech only by flaws!

I have been interested in and worked with post-war planning groups for some time, and do not like to see go unchallenged the statement, in your leading editorial of July 30, that events have shown untenable any hope for a world federation of nations. And you base this assertion on the fact that the war has given nationalism a new impetus, which nobody can deny.

But are you not confusing the idea of world federation and a world state? Your own George Shuster defined this point admirably in his excellent article of July 16. Of course the idea of a world *state* is untenable, or a close federal union of the democracies *à la* Streit, but far from

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being the one thing we cannot hope for, the principle of federation as used by its varied advocates seems to me the only answer.

Robert Lee Humber, who was behind most of the resolutions already passed by thirteen state legislatures on this very question, conceives of federation as the only principle by which nations can unite for their common good and still remain nations, as the only way in which nations can retain their security, and countries wishing to be nations can attain their nationalism, unhampered by other states or by unrestrained economic and political influences in the international sphere. You are no doubt aware that his work has been supported by all kinds of groups anxious for true international cooperation after the war, as diverse groups, for instance, as Federal Union and the League of Nations Association.

As I have understood it, almost all groups and individuals desirous of a just and lasting peace have and do support this principle, though they differ vastly in details. The word federation as I believe they use it is not synonymous with world state at all, nor is there a direct analogy with the relation of our own federal government to its states. It simply means that most peace-minded people recognize these facts: (1) We must substitute international law, backed by force, for treaties and alliances, which are impermanent and a threat to lasting peace by their very nature. (2) Such law to be effective must ultimately include all nations able to support it by free choice of their people, and in the meantime apply even to those who do not embrace it. And it must take precedence over national laws in certain well-defined fields such as international trade with its corollaries of credit and access to raw materials, and political or economic aggression. That means there must be a sacrifice of absolute sovereignty in those fields, but that does not mean a sacrifice of nationalism in any other fields.

I would define the principle of federation as the recognition that national sovereignty must be limited by law in certain planes of international contact which influence the welfare of all or of many nations.

Some post-war planners, like former Governor Stassen, call it world government, some, like Walter Lippmann, call it international law, some call it a federation of nations. Some base its organization on the United Nations, like the Ball-Burton-Hatch-Hill Resolution you yourselves endorsed, some on a nucleus of the four major powers—Russia, China, Britain, and the US—like Lippmann, some on regional federations, like Prime Minister Churchill. Some, like Ely Culbertson, are mostly concerned with the problem of the proper backing of force, some international police. But by whatever name they call it, or whatever particular problem they concern themselves with, is it not all adherence to the same principle?

The problems are many and vexing, the complexities to be resolved, the compromises to be made, are staggering, the details of the functioning of such international law are appalling to contemplate—but surely that's no reason to give up at the start. We cannot solve those difficulties easily or in the space of a few years, but we can certainly solve them if we are resolved to solve them, and granted two fundamentals: (1) If we see our only hope in international cooperation of a stronger and closer sort than any yet attempted—i. e., federation. (2) If we come to our many conferences and councils with the proper spirit: a real acceptance of the brotherhood of man.

Granted these fundamentals, difficulties of organization and representation, etc., can be worked out.

All this talk of peace, all the official and unofficial activity in behalf of the post-war world, may make our heads buzz, but it is a healthy sign, and a most useful, indeed a necessary, preliminary. I believe we will solve these difficulties, I believe we will in time achieve a proper peace, if not for idealistic reasons, then for expedient ones. Possibly for the first time in history the noble, idealistic path is the only practical one, too. Nations and people seem to be realizing that we are our brothers' keepers, not necessarily because we want to be, or because our religions tell us to be, but because we have to be if we treasure our own security and happiness. If this realization is truly going on, we'll get the proper peace—some of us because we are idealists, and the rest of us because we are not. The course in today's world is the same.

With all good wishes for the continuance of your unique and badly needed voice in today's affairs, and for the good you are doing in relating Catholicism to life as we live it.

DOROTHY K. MICHEL.

We quite agree with Mrs. Michel that the idea of a world federation is a good idea and one worth all the effort which can be expended to bring it to pass. But we also feel that Mrs. Michel misses the point of our comment. She clearly states that federation requires some "sacrifice of absolute sovereignty." Exacerbated nationalism by definition will tolerate no such sacrifice in any department whatever. We intended to call attention to the present intensity of nationalist feeling, which we think is likely to increase rather than decrease, particularly in the nations of continental Europe. Given this situation, we do not see how it is reasonable to hope for any true world federation for some years to come; in other words we believe that devoted advocates of this excellent solution should be aiming at a day perhaps a full generation after this war is over. In the meantime, they had best rely on alliances to keep the peace, for if federation is partial and is imposed by a combination of the United States, Great Britain, Russia and China, it will be viewed by the other nations as a form of imperialism, or a thin disguise for an alliance, and it will be resented far more than an open and frank alliance would be. THE EDITORS.

PLOUGH DEEP WHILE SLUGGARDS SLEEP

Chicago, Ills.

TO the Editors: Though I do not agree with Isabelle L. Lynch in her castigation of the editorial "Plough Deep While Sluggards Sleep" (May 28, June 25), I think she gave much food for thought in her letter.

She remarks truly enough, perhaps, that being a Catholic carries with it neither any guarantee of personal impeccability nor personal Christianity. But isn't that the sad part of it all?

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Should not a true Catholic after all be automatically a good American? Isn't the word *Catholic* a meaningless label for many persons who wear it? If the Italian episcopate publicly approved the Ethiopian massacre, aren't we Catholics to blame after all? What wouldn't an intelligent Catholic public opinion do for the world!

I think the admonition "Go forth and teach all nations" means more than simply baptizing. I think Catholicism should be a way of life, easily discernible on the market place, and far-reaching in its influence for good. It is time to wake up. ELLA MCELLIGOTT.

The Stage & Screen

The Two Mrs. Carrolls

ENGLISH HUMOR often seems pointless to us because on our standards the English are an unsophisticated people. They seem to be too literal. At times they produce tedious movies and plays which do not use the technique of understatement. To some degree this explains why "The Two Mrs. Carrolls" could have been a hit in London but must probably enjoy only a short life here. It is melodrama the mechanism of which is so obvious to an American audience that it is bound to be called corny.

An artist, ruthless, weak and, as the formula requires, irresistible to women, comes to the south of France with his second wife. Upon falling in love with another woman he determines to dispose of his wife by poison; a practice in which he is habitually unsuccessful judging from his work on his first wife. Some vague suggestion is made that he is a complex character in love with death. A valiant effort is made to work up suspense for a chilling last act. When it comes that act is full of what might horrify Londoners but to New Yorkers it is drama of the gaslight era with all the significant movements, attitudes and statements carefully underlined in advance so that the audience may not fail in understanding. As a melodrama it creaks very badly.

What I liked best about the play were the settings by Frederick Fox. Elisabeth Bergner was not a disappointment precisely but she seemed to me either too much or too little in evidence whenever I thought about her. Her big moments were so drawn out by overstated scenes that one waited impatiently for something new. At times she seemed to disappear entirely from the focus of attention. *(Presented by Robert Reud and Paul C. Zinner at the Booth.)*

Try and Get It

A NOTE for the record: A. H. Woods presented, Sheldon Davis wrote and Margaret Early suffered top billing in this unfunny, dirty little comedy which crept into town August 2 and crept out again by weekend. It had no sparkle, no morals, no humor, no talent and no justification. The public had the good taste to disdain it. JAMES N. VAUGHAN.

Womance Continued

THE amazing thing about Deanna Durbin is how she has retained her freshness and charm in her films as she has grown into womanhood. She has been fortunate in her producers, directors and choice of vehicles, but of course this capable actress herself deserves much of the credit. Her new picture, *"Hers To Hold,"* was produced by Felix Jackson and directed by Frank Ryan. While its story is really only a schoolgirl's highly romantic day dream about a love affair, it has been handled well; it is full of light comedy touches that make better entertainment than is usually found in such a bowl of thin mush. Deanna plays the daughter of devoted and very wealthy parents. She falls in love with a cynical, worldly-wise flier who shies away from a girl as soon as he sees "the forever and ever look" in her eyes. Bill shies away from Penelope until he realizes that this affair is the real thing for him too. Then, knowing that he is soon to fly away to the wars, he tries to break off with the girl by hurting her. But true love shines through. The affair ends not with a hasty, last-minute marriage, but with a sincere understanding between the couple before Bill flies away. The script-writer has written some witty lines to embellish this slight story; and Director Ryan has guided his cast well through the delightful comedy. Miss Durbin is pleasantly natural in her rôle and sings several songs in her usual good voice. I could have done without that "Pale Hands Beside the Shalimar" number, particularly her rendering with a tear in her eye. But her songs before the aircraft workers are swell. Joseph Cotten, as the blasé flier who refuses to be domesticated, exhibits quite a flair for comedy. Charles Winninger, sparkling as the absent-minded father who would do anything for his daughter, has one stirring scene with Deanna in which he refuses to grant her request for Bill's deferment. Gus Schilling, Ludwig Stossel and Nella Walker are of great assistance in supporting rôles. Although much of this picture is synthetic, it succeeds in giving some good boosts to the blood bank and the workers in aircraft plants. And I was pleased to see it stress one point: whether or not the war is worth fighting for depends on the people left behind.

Nothing falls flatter than a comedy film that falls flat. *"Hi Diddle Diddle"* falls flat. Line after line and situation after situation that are meant to be hilariously funny fail to provoke a laugh or even a simper. The effect is deadening to an expectant audience who might even be straining to be helpful. "Hi Diddle Diddle" is a *tour de force* in which the players speak to the audience and kid each other and the film itself. I don't say the picture is devoid of fun; it has a couple of clever tricks that do bring down the house, or at least get a mirthful chuckle. Producer-Director Andrew Stone had a couple of cute ideas like the business of the blonde who turns up in various "extra" rôles in many scenes, much to the amazement of Adolphe Menjou, who is finally put at ease when Billie Burke informs the audience that the recurring girl is a friend of the director; or the delicious slapstick episode of the exasperated man in the taxi who is hurrying to meet his wife but is delayed in ride after ride as Martha Scott and Dennis O'Keefe share his cab, as they scurry

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back and forth between her mother's house and his father's apartment; or the utterly mad finale in which the figures on the wall paper come to life in protest at the cast's awful singing. A slight, rather raucous story attempts to hold these high jinks together—something about a society belle and a sailor with 48 hours' leave. They get married and spend the rest of the film trying to get off on their honeymoon. None of the things that detain them is very clear in my mind. I guess they weren't clear in the film-makers' or actors' either. But they involve a lot of screwy people portrayed by Menjou as the boy's debonair and not-too-scrupulous father; Pola Negri, returning to the films after all these years to burlesque a dame who thinks she's an opera singer; delightfully dilly Billie Burke as the girl's mother plays the same rôle she's been playing for years; June Havoc as a rough-and-tumble nightclub singer whose best number comes off when she sings with herself in a juke box. Martha Scott, whose serious talent has been exhibited in several good films, is miscast and wasted as she tries to be a young edition of Billie Burke. Morals run fast and loose in this attempt at sophisticated comedy in cinema. The production is slick—too slick, for "Hi Diddle Diddle" is the most pretentious failure of the season.

Don't be misled by its good cast into seeing a mistake called *"Young Ideas."* It concerns a New Yorker (Mary Astor), the successful author of "As I Knew Paris," who marries a nice but staid college professor (Herbert Marshall) and hopes to settle down to a happy and old age with him. But her teen-age children (Susan Peters and Elliott Reid) have different ideas for their mama, who has been doing very well at keeping them in luxuries. To them marriage is only temporary, so they go to work on their new step-papa to see what they can do in the way of breaking up this union. They are assisted by their mother's literary agent (Allyn Joslyn) who is pretty sore because his well-paying author walked out on him; he frankly admits "it's not the principle of the thing, it's the money." The kids enroll in the college where the professor teaches and make themselves as obnoxious as possible. You know of course how it will turn out. Mama and step-papa are on the verge of divorce when the kids get a change of heart and bring them together again. All this trouble could have been avoided if the mother had given her children the sound spanking they deserved at the beginning of the picture instead of the end. But what is worse is that the film never suggests that two such sensible people as the author and professor don't even suspect the evil intentions of the youngsters. Perhaps the elders are just as stupid as the children are mean. Director Jules Dassin couldn't do much with all this pseudo-sophisticated tripe. He needn't, of course, have made the college where most of this transpires seem like a school in a 1920 musical comedy. Although it wouldn't have helped the picture any, it would have been more pleasant to contemplate if the muddled script-writers had not paired off that snobbish daughter with that nice young English professor (Richard Carlson) in the finale. As you must have gathered by now, this is a good picture to avoid if you're easily bored. To be more exact, it is a good picture to avoid.

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Editors' Choice

OUR GOOD NEIGHBOR HURDLE. *John W. White. Bruce.* $2.50.

THE CITY. *Eliel Saarinen. Reinhold.* $3.50.

THEY WHO WAIT. *Robert Guerlain. Crowell.* $2.00.

No Smoke Without

ONCE he cut away from sending in dispassionate dispatches from Buenos Aires to the *Times,* John W. White began to lash about. A year ago he produced a book on Argentina which in places minced no words as to his opinion of that proud and enterprising people which is so apprehensive about our leadership in the Western Hemisphere. In "Our Good Neighbor Hurdle," Mr. White takes on the 3,000 Protestant missionaries in Latin America who have gone out from the United States. He goes after them strictly on Pan American grounds—for he makes a great point of stating that he is not a Catholic —but in showing the antagonism these men and women build up against the United States he cannot avoid the sharpest criticism of a religious sort.

His story is something like this and he adverts to it again and again: with an infinitely few exceptions North American Protestant missionaries are seeking to undermine the faith of Catholics and win them away from the Church in the capitals and other principal cities of South America. There is practically no interest in the remote regions where the Gospel has never been heard. Regardless of the lack of fervor noted here and there, the people throughout the Southern Continent are so instinctively Catholic that they deeply resent this anti-Catholic activity on our part. Mr. White goes on to show that in instance after instance (he cites Mexico, Peru and Argentina as prime examples) these missionaries have meddled in Latin American politics, particularly where there was a struggle between Church and State. And it has been extremely galling at times that these missionaries have made much use of dismissed priests. That is why Mr. White considers all this activity there as "the most formidable single cause for anti-American propaganda and for sowing suspicion and dislike of everything North American."

He says this in various ways over and over. "This is not missionary work, it is proselytizing in its worst form." "In Brazil, as elsewhere in the southern Americas, the Protestant 'missionary' effort is concentrated on winning 'converts' away from the Catholic Church, rather than carrying the story of Christianity into the far interior where it has not been heard." And at the very end of his book he again brands the "efforts of the missionaries to 'sell' . . . more than fifty brands of anti-Catholicism." Mr. White has great distaste for a number of other things. Missionaries get press cards as writers for mission papers and thereby take part in the big Pan American conferences. Their literature is filled with references to the South American mission field (at least in the author's copious examples) in terms quite comparable to accounts from primitive posts in deepest Africa. Mr. White's one essay at humor is a heavy-handedly satirical account of a Protestant missioner's annual trip from an interior city to Buenos Aires. All in all it is hard to see how people who are more cultivated than we are would not be affronted by being classed with primitive savages.

In the course of his virtually unrelieved diatribe, the author stops to consider the Mexican Sinarquistas. He accepts them at their very best face value, although he recognizes that it is impossible for a movement of this drive and scope to achieve its estimable cultural and social platform without impinging on the political. He quotes *in extenso* from Sinarquist literature, but he does seem to have left out one or two of the movement's leading aspects. Most important is his omission of the principle of non-violence. Nor does he mention the fact that the Sinarquistas have leaders who serve as front men, while those who wield the power do so anonymously, behind the scenes. Mr. White educes enough to dispel the ignorant North American "liberal" charges of fascism and nazism, but his picture is incomplete.

The evangelizing efforts about which Mr. White complains so bitterly must indeed be a decided irritant below the Rio Grande—in fact, a real obstacle to whole-hearted Pan Americanism. When it is compounded with interference in internal politics and economic imperialism, it has grave results all around. Constituted with human weaknesses as we are, however, does not the Church sometimes benefit from competition? When others provide essential social services which we have neglected, for instance, does it not ultimately put us on our mettle? Have we not sufficient confidence to meet anti-Catholic arguments in any form? And how about our belief in freedom of religion? Could you really settle everything simply by calling home all Protestant missionaries from Latin America? According to Mr. White, "The issue is not: 'no more Protestants!' It is 'no more missionaries.'" But as he himself says: "Chile and Uruguay . . . are the only two South American countries which have an adequate number of priests." How does the great need for Catholic missionaries square with the author's formula?

"Our Good Neighbor Hurdle" is written with dash and indignation; it makes lively reading. Although the subject is deserving of more serious and comprehensive treatment, Mr. White has brought together enough evidence to give any fair-minded North American pause.

Important Though Dull

FINLAND has not only a good record of paying its international debts; it has supplied America with one of the most provocative men in our architectural profession, Mr. Eliel Saarinen, for some years director of the Cranbrook Academy of Art at Bloomfield Hills, Michigan. Mr. Saarinen now presents his adopted country with a very wise book on the city, sub-titled "Its Growth, Its Decay, Its Future." One cannot help wishing that at least everyone connected with city planning will read this treatise; one might wish that many others would read it too, but that is probably too much to hope for, since the book is written in a truly horrible English and since the publishers have done nothing to help it by graceful presentation. Bold-face type is sprinkled throughout for a purpose which the reader cannot fathom, presumably for some mysterious sort of emphasis. All it does is to distract. And certainly it is a shame that someone was not employed to go over Saarinen's text and translate it from the Finnish. A good hundred pages could have been cut to advantage.

Nevertheless the ideas in this work are so important that one is inclined to forgive a great deal. Essentially these ideas are simple. Mr. Saarinen wants us to realize that the city is a natural growth or it is nothing. In other

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words, it must conform to life rather than to any geometrical patterns whose only virtue lies in their symmetry. He points out that the medieval town plan startlingly resembles the natural shapes taken by the cells in growing tissue; indeed the illustrations which he uses to make this comparison are incredible until you see them. Of course in the middle ages people did not consciously plan cities. Architecture was integrated to life, and therefore was healthy. Then follows the old story of disintegration, largely blameable upon the Renaissance and its tendency to make of the architect a mere copyist. Thus he was rendered sterile as a creator and the taste of his audience was debased, the interaction between these processes having been accelerated by the industrial revolution and by the emphasis on materialism which naturally accompanied the development of finance capitalism. Finally we end in the terrors of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

There is no space here to give a detailed analysis of what Mr. Saarinen proposes as a remedy and a better future. For that, you must turn to his book, with its excellent charts and diagrams. It is doubtful whether anyone concerned with this subject can read Mr. Saarinen without finding that his own thought has been affected one way or another, and that is as high a tribute as one can pay to any book.

Frenchmen in Germany

THE ITALIAN AND GERMAN prisoners in the prison camps of this country will be returned at the end of the war to Italy, to Germany. Until the end of the war they will be well fed, treated decently. They are prisoners in a country that will not know famine and in a country that will not know great distress, great disappointment, in a country that will not know fear and, consequently, will not be cruel. They are in the interior of a great country, a continent of a country that will not be bombed. They are prisoners in a country that will remain orderly. They are fortunate prisoners in a fortunate country. The French prisoners in Germany, "They Who Wait," are unfortunate prisoners in an unfortunate country.

Guerlain who was one of them and who has been returned to France describes their life in minute detail. This is not an atrocity book. The sufferings of the prisoners are the result of their being prisoners in an unfortunate country. For one thing Germany at war is a country which unfortunately for the prisoners has a desperate need of manpower. Everything possible is done, therefore, to drive the prisoners out of the prison camps and into enforced labor. The camps are made as unpleasant as possible in order to secure this labor. In a fortunate country such as America prisoner labor is not wanted because it would upset the trade unions. For another thing Germany is a country which unfortunately for the prisoners has not too much food to spare. Consequently the prisoners do not get enough to eat. For another thing Germany is a country which is progressing from disappointment to disappointment. Consequently the prisoners live guarded by men who are not sure of themselves: that is the worst kind of warden to endure.

Of course the Russians, the Poles, the Yugoslavs suffer more than do the French prisoners because the Germans hate them more than they do the French and fear them. But the Russians, the Poles and the Yugoslavs have always been able to think of their countries and know that their

"THE COMMON BURDEN"

"There would also be a visible kingdom": "Today Christ, the innocent Man, the Man of humility and love, could summon angels to defend His life in His members. He could turn the stones into legions and He could take the world. But the Kingdom is in man's heart; the patient soul who rules her own heart with an ordered tenderness, pity and kindness, the mind that even now keeps the poetry of life in flower, that is the soul who possesses the Kingdom of God.

"But if most Christians, most people, had this *inward kingdom,* cherished it, then there would be also a *visible kingdom,* not a kingdom based on materialism, not a kingdom based on power, but conditions of life based on simplicity, brotherly love and sacrifice, which would make it *impossible* to go to war, *impossible* to have slums or destitution, *impossible* to have enmity between countries, classes or individuals."

—Quoted from Caryll Houselander's book:
THIS WAR IS THE PASSION. Price $2.00.

"Why don't you get into this movement": "Now these Protestant fellows" he tells me "you know they can get interested in the movement, and it does a lot for tolerance. Young Protestant fellows come here from all over Nova Scotia, and you wouldn't want better co-operators. And a Negro came, too, from Jamaica, a fellow named Burke, a Methodist mind you, but a clever fellow, oh, a *very* clever fellow. And he went out one night and helped start a credit union just where you'd never expect one . . ."

Father Jimmie follows me to bed that night and every night, a stack of books in his hands, and he reads over me after I am in bed. "Did you read this? My heavens! you ought to read it; it's awfully good." And in the morning he is twice to my room before I am up: "Did you ever read this? I was reading it in bed last night, and, it's, it's awfully good." . . . Father Jimmie asks me what it is I do . . . he says, "My God, man! Why don't you get into this movement?"

—Quoted from Leo Ward's NOVA SCOTIA:
Land of Co-Operators. Price $2.50.

"The unit of voluntary co-operation": The family is the economic unit—so much so, that you can never find the normal father and mother who will discuss the thing; they are so engaged in *being* the unit, that they have never meditated on it . . . The family is the unit of voluntary co-operation: *there is no other* . . . With a number of brothers and sisters you *learn to co-operate,* and you learn to be men and women, first of all by being boys and girls and not prematurely old men and prematurely old women . . . You will also find that the family is the educational unit, and the finest course in civics is *a good family.* It is the unit for *all* things . . .

Therefore I say that any attempt at social legislation which is not based on the integrity of the family is not going to be a good thing. And *once you realize that,* you have the key, the clue, to what is the moving spirit of the Land Movement . . .

—Quoted from Father Vincent McNabb's OLD
PRINCIPLES AND THE NEW ORDER. Price $2.75.

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countries had never given in. The French could not do that. For a time the French could have no hope at all and no pride. That was when they thought the war had been lost. After a time the news reached them that the war was still going on, the news reached them that the armistice with France was not a real peace, that the French at home did not consider it a real peace, that the facts of Franco-German relations did not constitute a real peace. The news came to them that England was fighting on, and de Gaulle's men, and that the French in France were fighting on as best they could, that America was in the fight and that the Germans were not winning the fight in Russia. The news came to them that the French civilians brought to work in Germany were not there of their own will. The news came into the prison camps that a Frenchman could still hope. Robert Guerlain describes the changes which took place with the passage of time and he tells how the French prisoners started to hope again and how they became a part of the movement of resistance. Reading his book one believes that he is telling the truth, bringing a truthful message from the million silent Frenchmen who await a freedom they have made themselves worthy to repossess.

More Books of the Week

The Origins of the American Revolution. John C. Miller. Little. $3.50.

PROFESSOR MILLER has made a good start in the direction of presenting American history as Americans once understood what we did and why we did it. It is not too much to say that we have very few historians today who do that. It is practically a fad among us to take Americans and "rationalize" us as if we were completely alien, to examine us under a microscope. Henry Adams, who may be considered to be an American, had serious doubts that there is a science of history. A number of good authors have attempted to apply the scientific method to our history, as the scientific method can be and should be applied to natural phenomena; but it may be objected to the excessively scientific method, that history deals with human beings. Accumulation and meticulous observation of proven facts concerning the acts of any group of human beings certainly have their valid uses. That procedure, however, has too often the result of overspecialization. We seem to operate, still, mainly under the influence of a process of breaking down the proven facts in order to arrive at the truth, but we neither break down the facts completely nor have we yet got around to a synthesis from which history can be written adequately. So far, in our present university generation a far too large proportion of young men and women have arrived only at the currently expressed conclusion that: "there is no such thing as an American and never was any such thing." That is why it can be said that Dr. Miller has made a better than good start in the right direction, without the slightest derogation of his excellent work. Professors Samuel Morison and Comager made a valuable start in that same direction, with again, however, a leaning toward specialization. They emphasized, quite rightly, the fact that we Americans were not only part of the evolving British Empire, but thought ourselves by far the most important part of it. It is possible that Morison only became convinced of that truth through his own lectures to English rather than to American students. He did raise out, with Comager, that most important fact. That is so very much a truth, that it is not possible to separate "colonial" history any more, from "American" history as we are over fond of doing. In order to make the basis of Americanism clearly intelligible to ourselves in our present generation of Americans, it would be worth while to make a restatement of dates. Dates are only convenient pegs upon which to hang a clarification of facts. Nothing in history actually became a fact upon a fixed date. American history is simply not intelligible without a true sense of history. So, a restatement of dates should begin—arbitrarily—with 1607 to 1865. That period of years would express the date when we began our continuous continental life. The first continuous phase of our American evolution ended by war, and by the apparent victory of one of two equally respectable schools of American thought and aspiration and the apparent defeat of the other, in 1865. New factors in our continuous American continental life appeared from that date on, and with ever-increasing rapidity until what may be called conveniently the era of the New Deal, from which we are once more receding under the impact of war affecting the whole world, revolution throughout the world affecting all peoples, and the specific rebellion of all so-called "subject races" against all "master races" dividing specifically on the color line, with all people of "colored" skins aligning rapidly against all people of "white" skins. As Americans we are very specially caught up in the effects and consequences of that phenomenon.

Such a restatement of dates should even carry back of 1607—for history is continuous. And revolution is a long process. It does not happen suddenly. The *explosion* of revolution does. Revolution itself does not. And the American revolution most certainly did not, as Dr. Miller shows. One does not get that quite clearly at first. That is a matter of arrangement of material. How and why he does it that way is purely his own business and is not open to criticism. He begins by the economic background and the political background, and carries then very consistently through the various "vexations" and "dissents," discords and convictions up to the hardening of the issue and the explosion. It is not in the least an orthodox presentation but it is a true one. The very kernel of the matter lies in Chapters VIII and IX, on "The Ideological Conflict"; (1) the American mind, and (2) the English mind. His final Chapter XXI ties it all together in its study of "the American Revolution as a Democratic movement." Herman Rauschning ("The Redemption of Democracy") currently places the only hope of such redemption in "Anglo-Saxon" hands; in the hands of Americans and Britons. He does that because, to him, Anglo-Saxon democracy is a continuous evolution without a serious break, out of medieval Christianity, while continental Euopean democracy—particularly French democracy, broke radically away from its roots and became rationalistic and doctrinaire, to the point of becoming the exact opposite of Anglo-Saxon democracy. He calls attention to the fact that ours has been shaken to its foundations because "alien ideas and standards have interfered with its own values and experience and because it seems to have lost its ability to distinguish between what belongs to it and what is alien to it." Without going too far afield for our present purposes he cites the idea of "rational planning" which has come from the world of technology, where it belongs, to intrude on political and social life. "Rational planning as a principle and not simply as a tool destroys historical values, and interrupts the continuity of

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development. Where it establishes itself, it prepares the ground for destructive forces." That is pertinent to Dr. Miller's "Ideological Conflict." He does not give sufficient consideration of true historical values. In that sense, the American Revolution began long before 1607 and Elizabeth's date. He does, however, give high value, in his comparison between the American mind and English mind, to growth of the American concept of "Empire," to what eventually became the British Commonwealth of Nations in opposition to the growth from attempted Royal absolutism under the Stuarts to the idea of empire of a German King of England and of America, a member of the House of Hanover who were hereditary electors of a quite different sort of empire. It is important that having taken violent issue on that point and gone to war about it, Englishmen subsequently exchanged the issue with us: the war between the States was fought all over again on that constitutional issue in 1865 aside from the complication of Negro Slavery. That is important because Dr. Miller is one of the first to put that issue in its proper place. Is it permissible to suggest to him a new book, to be an extension of his "Ideological Conflict," in which he will draw in the "Origins" flowing in from pre-Reformation England through New England's Puritan Calvinists, Congregationalists, the Evangelical groups and the deep relation of all of them to non-political Catholicism? Catholic Americans are stubborn about that. Naturally so. When we interest ourselves at all in American history, we draw on non-Catholic sources excessively. It is not orthodox to do otherwise. Yet the most copious American source material we have comes from Puritan New England—and our revolutionary "origins" embody formidable citations by Puritan divines of such people as Augustine and Aquinas.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

Plowman's Folly. Edward H. Faulkner. Oklahoma. $2.00.

IF SOMEONE were to assert that the spring plowing universally practiced by farmers throughout the civilized world was not only time and energy wasted but actually prevented the soil from producing good crops, he would be greeted with arched eyebrows. Yet this is exactly what Mr. Faulkner says as an opening gun in his little book and then proceeds to make a highly convincing case. The moldboard (steel) plow is the villain and the deeper the plowing—as in America—the greater the damage to the natural productivity of the soil.

The author's proofs are twofold. On the negative side he tells how he wandered about like Diogenes in search of a man who could explain to him why farmers plow as they do. Nothing emerged from the welter of conflicting answers he had from farmers, government officials and teachers at agricultural schools. Plowing deep seems to be nothing more than a bad habit derived from an ancient English discovery that such plowing was an effective method of clearing the land. Farmers apparently have accepted it without question ever since, worse luck.

On the positive side the author comes up with a lot of convincing personal experiments which show that disking is the only sound way to prepare the soil for growing. The idea is to utilize rather than bury the organic matter on the surface of the soil, to retain moisture for the crops rather than drain it off far below plant roots. Mr. Faulkner got some government officials to test one of his most spectacular experiments and they would not admit he was right. But by now he is so confident that his case is proved that he assumes that in only a short time his method will

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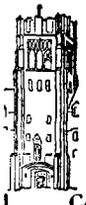

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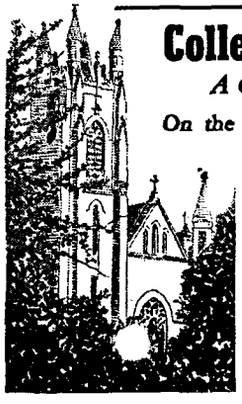

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Warning to the West. Shridharani. Duell. $2.50.
Between Tears and Laughter. Lin Yutang. Day. $2.50.

WHILE the Allies are fighting for freedom and democracy, the nations of Asia claim that these ideals should not be limited to the Atlantic area and that also in the Pacific imperialism should be outdated. At short intervals two books have been released by American publishers, one written by an Indian and the other by a Chinese, both of whom fight against the alleged "arrogance" of the white "sahib" and the treatment of people whose civilizations are older than those of the Occident as second-class nations.

Both authors are well known to American readers. Shridharani is the author of the best-selling autobiography, "My India, My America"; Lin Yutang is still better known for his excellent works, "My Country and My People" and "The Importance of Living," as well as for the novel, "Moment in Peking." Both writers have been living in this country for more than a decade and are very apt at finding a popular way to put their ideas across to the mind of the American public—ideas ridiculing "the white man's burden" in Asia.

Shridharani scourges the ignorance of the average white sahib for whom the soul of the Asiatic is a book with seven seals. He defends the ideals of Gandhi and Nehru and insists that they must be given real effect in order to break Japan's prestige in Asia. He claims also that Great Britain and the United States must reshape their policies and the minds of their peoples and recognize the equality of the Asiatic nations with the white race. Without such a revision of Pacific policy, he warns, future conflicts between the East and the West will be inevitable.

Lin Yutang also advocates that Europe leave Asia alone and asserts that the white man will have more charm after he has cast aside his "burden." He reviews critically many recent American books which teach the necessity for power politics. Lin Yutang wants Asia free from machiavellism which, he asserts, will bring European chaos to Asia. There are many sound arguments against the British Empire's way of treating the "natives" of Asia in this thought-provoking book. However, the basic arguments of the author about a peace based on Laotze's philosophy are very problematic. While Shridharani fully understands that right has to be backed by might in this world of ours, Lin Yutang fights the modern realism of the West. He glorifies Laotze's ideas of peaceful harmony as a superior Chinese idea compared with which the Occidental belief in peace by power is low-minded.

May I confess that I am one of those heavily denounced Western "realists" who are convinced that this Chinese philosopher's ideas on power are beautiful literature, but impractically utopistic? MAX FISCHER.

New World Guides to the Latin American Republics, Volume II. Duell. $2.50.

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The Inner Forum

Transition to Peace

THE Post-War World Committee of the Catholic Association for International Peace has brought out pamphlet No. 31, "Transition from War to Peace." Based on papers delivered at the sixteenth annual conference of the CAIP, it also includes "Retributive Justice after the War" and a statement by the Ethics Committee on "Reaffirmation of Fundamental Principles of International Law."

The study of the transition problem, which makes up the bulk of the pamphlet, begins with some of the practical measures which must be taken once hostilities have ceased. And even before that, at the present moment, when we are still fighting the war, it is absolutely essential that certain preparations be made. "Foodstuffs and clothing must be stockpiled to meet enormous requirements. More important still a moral renovation of things political and cultural, a renovation whose ground has been readied by brave and heroic men and women, must replace national cynicism and selfishness."

Here are the leading moral directives which must take form during the transition period in order to bring about a lasting, well ordered world community: "A world *authority with ample power . . . federally organized world* authority . . . national communities must serve as centers of political, social, economic, and cultural education to the good life . . . the democratic participation of the people in their governments . . . the economic rehabilitation of society . . ."

"Almost surely a definite settlement of boundaries should come at the end of the transition period rather than at the beginning of it. Territories in dispute may be administered by international government until boundaries can be fixed. The international commission set up under the League of Nations to govern the Saar Basin and other areas did reasonably well."

"The most urgent immediate task of the interim between the close of the war and the resumption of normal peace time living will be the feeding of the hungry and the care of the sick and destitute. . . . As soon as any country returns to the fold of the United Nations food, clothing and health supplies must be on the way." The pamphlet also deals in a practical manner with the world refugee problem, the reconstruction of devastated areas and political and cultural reconstruction. It sells for 10c a copy and may be obtained from the CAIP of 1312 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington, D. C.

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